

A ROSE

That Was a Regular Climber.

It is rather late for roses to bloom, but nevertheless the last one of summer closed its petals and left the town last night. Its fragrance remains, however, and lingers over an unpaid bill, etc.

About three weeks ago a man named A. Rose, a carpenter, accompanied by a laborer named Dennis, arrived in this city on a tramp from Quincy.

Of course, they were hunting work, and stopped at the McCreary House, and as time passed and bills accumulated Rose put up his overcoat as security with his landlord.

A mechanic loaned Rose some tools, and then he was ready to enter business as a contractor and builder. He could build anything from a boat to a cathedral, and is a master of great regret and a public disaster that he didn't remain long enough to secure a contract to erect a court house—an edifice which, by the way, we greatly need.

Last week Rose secured a contract to erect a house in Darkeytown for a colored man, and began the work. Yesterday Rose went to him and told him that he did not have money enough to pay his hands, and his able employer advanced him the necessary sum. In the evening, Rose, who appears to be quite "a society man," asked his landlord for the loan of his coat to attend church, and the request was granted. He and his friend then disappeared into the darkness that sat all around the four sides of the McCreary House, and neither of them have returned.

A fellow mechanic who is out two or three dollars is convinced that there is no rose without its thorn. Mr. Humphreys has been defrauded out of a board bill, and the overcoat which was pledged for security. Verily the heart of man is desperately wicked.

THE OUTLAW'S VICTIM.

Bando's Fiendish Wish Fulfilled in the Death of White.

The fiendish wish of the outlaw is gratified. Officer John S. White, whom he shot during the terrible encounter at Wright's pawnshop last Friday morning, died at ten minutes before eight o'clock last night. White's recovery was considered very doubtful from the start, but the longer he lived the more hope there seemed for his recovery. His wound was in the right leg, about four inches above the knee, the femoral or main artery of the leg being entirely severed. He

bled nearly to death

before surgical attendance could be procured for him, and it was on account of the great loss of blood that he died the following night. Saturday morning his condition was about the same as it had been from the time of the shooting, and because it was not worse his friends began to entertain hopes of his ultimate recovery. Infatuation of the bowels set in yesterday, however, and this, of course, aggravated his case. Very little nourishment could be given the patient, and strength and vitality were being needed most of all. Dr. Hill, who was called to the pawnshop directly after the shooting, and but for whose prompt action the officer would have died to death right there, continued as his regular doctor, but Dr. Hodges and Gregory and several other doctors were consulted from time to time.

THE GREATEST DANGER

was from mortification, but as Saturday night passed without any sign of gangrene appearing, the doctors entertained stronger hopes than ever of his recovery. Yesterday afternoon, however, the dreaded signs of mortification appeared and preparations were immediately made for amputating the limb. Amputation of the limb might save the poor man's life, or it might hasten his death, but as he would certainly die within three or four hours unless the leg were cut off, there was but one course to be taken. Dr. Hill was already there, and Dr. Hodges was summoned without delay. The discovery of the gangrene was made about five o'clock, and half an hour afterwards the doctors were getting ready for their unpleasant work. Dr. Hodges stated the case plainly to the patient. "It is only a matter of a few hours," he said to White, "if your leg is not amputated, and we may possibly save your life by its amputation."

The patient at first hesitated about giving his consent, but upon being advised by

Officer McFarland, his brother-in-law, he told the doctor that they could do with him as they thought best.

HIS WIFE AND BARE

were brought into the room and he bade them good-bye. Then he took leave of the others in the room, after which all were excluded except Captain Baggins, Officer Toomey, Mr. Kent Boyle and the doctor. The chloroform was administered and as soon as the patient was well under the influence of the opiate, the amputation was commenced. The operation lasted but a minute and a half. Dr. Hodges doing the amputating, while Dr. Hill held his thumb against the artery.

VERY LITTLE BLOOD WAS LOST,

only an ounce or two, and the amputation was made without accident. The patient rallied soon after the operation and said that he did not feel it at all.

At 7 o'clock he remarked to Officer Larry Toomey, who was attending him, that he

thought he would be dead when he returned. About the same time Father Gleason of St. John's church, came in and gave absolution. After the departure of the priest he had a conversation with Kent Boyle, clerk at St. Luke's Hospital, and an old friend of his, in which he said that he would die before morning. He said that he felt the hand of death upon him then, and that he had made up his mind and had not afraid. Mr. Boyle remarked that he had acted his part well, while White remarked that he hoped every one thought so, and said that it was a consolation to know that he died in doing his duty.

Not long afterwards Mr. Boyle felt the wounded man's pulse and discovered that he was sinking and hastened to call the members of the family from the adjoining room.

When he returned he told White that he was dying.

"Do you think so?" he asked.

"Yes," said Boyle, "you are certainly dying; good-bye."

White took him by the hand and as he said "good-bye," he closed his eyes and expired. He died very easily. Mr. Boyle, who told his hand, said that he did not feel it move.

IN COLD BLOOD.

Joseph Melson Fatally Shoots Smith Stephens.

St. Joe Herald: About half past one o'clock yesterday afternoon, intelligence was received in the city that a fatal shooting affray had transpired at Lake Contrary, five miles south of town, shortly after noon, and that the dead had been perpetrated the deed, had skipped out to escape the justice that would most certainly overtake him should he remain. A Herald reporter started out in search of the facts and ascertained that the report was only too true.

On Lake Contrary, and about a half a mile south of the Lake House, is located a small mill which is owned and operated by Swope & Boone. In their employ have been two men, one Smith Stephens by name, the other Joseph Melson. The former is a man about thirty-three years of age, who has always borne the reputation of a quiet, sober, industrious gentleman. The latter is, perhaps, forty years of age and bears a hard name. Melson came to St. Joseph the early part of the week, as it is his periodical custom, and got on a spree, which lasted until Thursday evening, when he returned home.

Yesterday he was perfectly sober and returned to his duty. About noon he entered the mill with a double-barreled shotgun in his hand. Walking to the back portion of the mill, and within twenty-five feet of his fellow-workman, Stephens, he, without saying a word, took deliberate aim and fired, the entire charge entering the left side of the abdomen. Stephens fell

prostrate to the ground, as if killed instantly, while Melson took to his heels and skipped out. Stephens was taken in charge by the parties at the mill and kindly cared for, while Mr. Swope proceeded at once for St. Joseph, to have a warrant issued for Melson's arrest. The warrant was issued by Sheriff Kelly started in pursuit of the murderer. When they had been gone some two hours, Melson made his appearance at the jail and gave himself up.

He is at present incarcerated at the jail where he was visited by a Herald reporter last evening, who offered him a chance to make a statement, which might, perhaps, be in vindication of himself. He appeared sullen and morose and refused to say anything in regard to the horrible affair, having been cautioned, as he said, by his attorney, O. M. Spencer, not to make any statement. He is a large, raw-boned individual, and appears to be the cowardice to commit the deed he did, and afterwards give himself up for fear of being over-taken and captured.

HORSE THIEF SHOT.

An Evening Tragedy on a Missouri River Flatboat Ferry.

Kansas City Times: An exciting little battle occurred soon after dark on Friday evening at Liberty Landing, about twelve miles below this city. The ferry keeper, J. A. Clark, had tied up his boat, which is a flatboat used for transporting people over the Missouri river. He was in his house on the Jackson county side just about dark, when two horsemen appeared on the Clay county shore and hailed him, desiring to cross over. Mr. Clark, with two men well armed, crossed over the Missouri in response to the summons. He had been notified of some horse thieving depredations on the north side of the river, and was suspicious of those who might attempt to cross. For this reason both Clark and his assistants were well armed. The place where the ferryboat lands is near to a sand bar projecting out into the river; the horsemen had ridden out upon this, but were prevented from embarking before they answered certain questions. These questions were not to their liking, and when they were informed that none but honest men could cross the ferry at that time of night, and that a sheriff's posse was on the Jackson county side of the river, they started to ride away. As they rode off they remarked that no sheriff or posse could take them, and followed this up by firing their pistols at the men in the ferryboat. On this the ferry men opened fire in return, and as the horsemen had to ride round a curve on the bar, and the sand was so soft that the horses could not travel fast, the ferry men had the advantage. The horsemen dismounted, left their horses and ran off. One of them was found dead not far distant from the scene of the battle. The other escaped. It is supposed that they are members of a gang of horse thieves operating in Ray, Platte and Clay counties, and fired on the ferryman in mere bravado and spite because they could not cross the river.

It was at this ferryboat that the James boys crossed the Chicago detective who had captured one two or three years ago, and whose body was found near morning not far from the ferry. It has been a favorite crossing for horse thieves in days gone by, but it will not be so popular henceforth. Mr. Clark intends to put a stop to the business so far as his ferry is concerned.

When your baby is restless while teething, get Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, a dose of it will relieve the little sufferer at once. Only 25 cents a bottle.

Closed Out.

Some time ago a colored woman named Meyers left her house in Darkeytown, and went to Kansas City to work. When she returned she told that Kate Green had cleaned her out of house and home, having sold her furniture, broke open and robbed her trunks of clothing, etc. Among the items appropriated by the thief Kate was a dress that cost thirty dollars. The Meyers woman lost out for vengeance and a state warrant.

A Nuisance.

Our boys have just received a new installment of India rubber slings, and window breaking will be right lively. On Saturday evening a large light of glass in Porter's Central Block, was perforated by one of these contrivances, the missile going clear through it, leaving a small round puncture. A light of glass was also broken in Hackett's building in the same manner. The use of these abominations should be forbidden by law.

A great many remedies are advertised to bring them before the public but the latter declare whether they are good or bad. The good reputation which Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup enjoys is a standing guarantee of its merits. Price, 25 cents.

A TOUGH CROWD

Was That Gray Collared Last Night.

About eight o'clock last night, Mr. Boatwright met Officer Gray, who is on duty in East Sedalia, and told him that a party of drunken men had committed an unprovoked assault upon his son, near the foundry. The officer went in that direction, and while on his way met a party of three men who were intoxicated. Gray told them they had better go home and keep off the street, as he was not certain that they were the parties who had committed the assault upon young Boatwright. He subsequently ascertained that they were, however, and returned to follow them up.

In the meantime they had got a drink at Sullivan's saloon, and afterward went to Mike Murphy's saloon for more.

Murphy, seeing they had enough, refused to let them become riotous and were going to clean out the saloon, but Murphy succeeded in ejecting them from the saloon and locked his place up after they got outside.

Then they went back to Sullivan's place for more liquor. Gray finally came upon them, and seeing that they were disturbing the peace he told them that they had gone far enough and would have to accompany him to the calaboose. He seized one of them, but he resisted and tore a pocket of the fence behind him to strike the officer. Gray at last succeeded in wrenching the pocket from him, but in the struggle dropped his cane or club. One of the parties seized this and broke it to pieces, wearing "no d—d policeman" could arrest them.

The other two drew his revolver and ordered some of the bystanders to assist him as he was outnumbered and was loth to use his weapon, as it would have resulted in the killing of some of them. One man responded to his call for help, but he was quickly knocked down and driven off by the two friends of the man Gray had hold of. Gray struggled on with his prisoner until he got to the foundry, where he was outnumbered and overpowered. He secured a watch, however, for the man's appearance before the Recorder this morning. The man did not appear and the watch was forfeited.

The officer states that the men were firemen on the M. & K. T., but he did not have all their names.

All that have once used Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup pronounce it the best medicine known for the complaints of early childhood. 25 cents per bottle.

STARK NAKED

Did an Enraged Parent Strip His Runaway Daughter.

A gentleman who arrived in Sedalia this morning direct from Joplin, relates an incident that occurred near there last Saturday which created considerable excitement and scandal.

In the town of Oronoco, about eight miles from Joplin, there dwells a stern old gentleman who is well off in this world's goods, and has a very satisfactory bank account. But his most inestimable treasure was a blooming, buxom daughter, handsome and accomplished, and who was dear to him as the apple of his eye. Being wealthy and influential, he had high hopes for her who would eventually fall heir to his possessions and he planned a consubstantial alliance that would give his cherished girl that position, in society which he thought her merits and riches entitled her.

But it is a notorious fact that such plans of fond fathers are often futile, and that the person most interested frequently uses her own sweet will. And it was so in this case. The fair one had bestowed her affections upon a "poor but honest young man" and she determined to have him at all hazards. It is unnecessary to say that the young man coincided in her resolution by a big majority, and he was equally determined that she should be his.

The old man's permission was not to be thought of, so an elopement was planned and successfully put into execution. She escaped from the parental mansion, with her lover, and an accommodating justice of the peace soon made the fugitives one flesh. This being accomplished, the new made husband took his bride to his humble home.

When the father discovered what had happened he was frantic with rage. He needed a horse and rode in hot haste to the dwelling of the bride and groom, which he unceremoniously entered, and there before him he beheld his trust daughter, who he sought forgiveness. Her father, however, enraged beyond control, assaulted the bride and tore the clothes from her person and carried them off with him, leaving her in *paris naturalibus*—or, in other words, stark naked.

The old man chuckled to himself as he reached home with his complete outfit of female toggery, but after his passion had subsided he began to feel ashamed of him, self. Being naturally a good-hearted man, he resolved to make amends for his brutal conduct. So he went over to the young couple and gave them his blessing and something more substantial. He fixed them up nicely in housekeeping with new furniture, etc., bought a large stock of provisions, gave them a sum of money, and departed happy.

And now the young couple are as joyous as "two mice in a nest barrel."

"Nobody would go to church, or public meeting, backing away and disturbing the preacher or pastor with their cough. Use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup at once; it only costs 25 cents.

That John Turley.

Is the greatest animated black nuisance that ever cursed this or any other town. He is everlastingly at war with somebody, disturbing the peace, fighting, gambling, or breaking the laws. His residence would be a public nuisance, and ought to be elected by some man. Yesterday he went to Peggy White's home, near the gas house, and caused a disturbance. She swore out a warrant for his arrest this morning. A public whipping post would be the proper thing for these scoundrels.

Yesterday I had such a bad cold that I could not speak. I used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and to-day I am as well as ever. It only cost me 25 cents.

HAPPY HEARTS.

GENTRY-PREWITT.

The wedding at Clarksville, Nov. 20.—The High Contracting Parties.—The Place and the Parents.—The Service at the Church.—Who Were There and What They Were.—Toilens of the Bride and Bridesmaids.—Other Toilets.—Presentations.—The Tour to the South.

Artemus Ward, the noted humorist, once wrote as follows:

"A female woman is one of the greatest institutions the land can boast. It's impossible to get along without her. She is good in sickness—good in wellness—good all the time. O woman, woman! You are an angel."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

It is but a few short months since R. T. Gentry, who played such a conspicuous part in life's drama on Tuesday evening last, arrived at the same conclusions as did Mr. Ward, when the B. Zoo has quoted above, but, dear reader, when the above true sentiment was once firmly fastened in Dick's mind he became unmanageable and from that moment he was a high stepper.

A country villa not far from Clarksville, Pike county, Mo., on the banks of the great Father of Waters, was the center of the world to him.

The sun got up there.

The moon and stars all shone with resplendent beauty from that place. And—and the young man was smitten.

RUMORS RIFE.

For many weeks past society people have been in a flutter of excitement at the announced engagement which had been whispered in the upper circles. The affair which transpired Tuesday had been the topic of conversation in almost every drawing-room in Central Missouri for several weeks past which finally culminated in the marriage of Mr. Gentry, of Sedalia, and Miss Prewitt, of Clarksville.

Nothing was known definitely of the time, until about ten days ago, when the following invitation, to the great number of three thousand, which were issued to the members of the *elite* of the respective localities in which the parties resided and to their friends in all parts of the State. It is not within the memory of many readers of the BAZOO that such an excitement has occurred in the heart of Sedalia society as that occasioned by the nuptials on Tuesday.

The following are the cards, of steel plate engraving, on cream-tinted paper.

MR. & MRS. W. C. PREWITT request your presence at the marriage of their daughter

MATTIE,

Tuesday eve, Nov. 20, 1877,

At the Christian Church,

at seven o'clock.

CLARKSVILLE, MISSOURI.

RICHARD T. GENTRY.

SEDALIA, MISSOURI.

MATTIE C. PREWITT,

CLARKSVILLE, MO.

RECEPTION

Tuesday Evening, Nov. 20, 1877,

at 8:30 o'clock.

RICHARD T. GENTRY

is too well and favorably known in Pettit county to even need an introduction to the readers of the BAZOO. He was reared from birth within sight of the beautiful Queen City of the West which, she is proud to know, he calls home. A farmer's boy—he was cared for by a kind mother who has gone to her reward across the river, and an example of industry, honor and fidelity set by a father whose name, to-day, is a household word in the farm-houses of the great commonwealth of Missouri. Mr. Gentry, the groom, was educated at Washington University, St. Louis, and at present, the assistant cashier of the Sedalia Savings Bank, and is the eldest son of Major William Gentry.

MATTIE C. PREWITT.

The bride is the daughter of William C. Prewitt, of Clarksville. She is a young lady of more than ordinary attractions—educated, refined and accomplished in all the modern graces that culture and society could bestow upon a mind that nature has richly endowed with her best gifts. Miss Prewitt graduated last June, at Christian College, at Columbia, Mo., with high honors. Subsequently she spent some weeks visiting her close friends, Miss Mary V. Gentry, of Pettit, cousin of the groom. It was at Christian College, while visiting his cousin, that Mr. Gentry first met Miss Prewitt, and gentle reader, it was that same old story that he whispered into her ear, of "love in a cottage," which has been told o'er and o'er again and will continue to be told as long as the world stands and woman is given in marriage.

THE TRIP TO CLARKSVILLE.

On the morning of the 20th inst., at 6 o'clock, a special train consisting of one passenger coach, No. 36, one baggage car and locomotive stood on the track in front of the Garrison House ready to start on a trip to Clarksville.

While the bride-party fled out of the church, the audience remained seated and the organ furnishing a cheerful melody.

When "all aboard" was called by Conductor W. A. McClarren, Jake Miller, the trusted engineer, pulled out in the gray dawn of the morning, with the following named persons, who had bright anticipations of the evening's pleasures that were to transpire nearly two hundred miles away:

Major A. B. Garner and wife, Col. A. D. Jaynes and wife, Maj. W. Gentry and wife, Mrs. T. W. Cloney, Mentor Thomson and wife, John L. Hall and wife, Col. Jno. F. Phillips and wife, Rev. F. W. Graham, Gen. Geo. R. Smith, Joshua Gentry, Marshall F. Wright, of Clinton, Lum Hall and one or two others, including a representative of the BAZOO.

The crisp air of a November morning made everyone feel bright and the mission that all were going to fulfill, made the party feel doubly cheerful.

The prairie country was seen in view and Sedalia, the Queen of the New West, faded behind us. Beaman, Pleasant Green and Pilot Grove were passed without stopping, and the astonished villagers peered out from their half open doors only to see a puff of steam and a streak of smoke as the rumbling noise of the flying train died away in the distance.

MONDAY REFEAST.

As the hour of twelve approached the sharpened appetites of the party were appeased by a splendid collation that was served on "No. 36." At this time the clouds gave vent to their pent up moisture and the rain fell in torrents.

Hannibal was reached at 1:30 p. m., and after some little delay, the train was switched to the track of the St. Louis, Keokuk and Northwestern Railroad, and down the west bank of the Mississippi river we went, all the time the rain falling steadily.

At Louisiana another delay was experienced, and the ladies became somewhat uneasy, fearing that they would not reach Clarksville in time to witness the nuptial ceremony of Dick and his bride.

The train got there.

At 5:30 p. m., the train whistled for Clarksville, and soon the platform of the depot was gained when we were met by friends who, with umbrellas, were ready to transfer the party to the Carroll House, a finely appointed hotel only a few steps away.

At the hotel the proprietor and his kind-hearted wife and family did everything to make their guests comfortable—showing them all the attention that was necessary to make them feel at home.

After a hasty supper, the ladies dressed, and in carriages provided they were driven to the church.

From the sidewalk leading to the church was built a temporary archway, covered with olechth, while the walk was covered with a bright colored carpet.

CHURCH AND DECORATIONS.

The Christian Church at Clarksville, where the ceremony was performed, is an unpretentious building, plain in every respect. The auditory, which will not seat to exceed three hundred persons, was decorated at the pulpit with house plants in a semi-circle in pyramidal shape—the pulpit desk forming a portion of the semi-circle. Behind the pulpit desk was an English ivy-green, twined around a lattice ten or twelve feet high.

MARRIAGE RITE.

About six feet in front of the chancel was suspended from the wall a huge marriage bell, under which the bride and groom stood when the ceremony was pronounced. The bell was eight or ten feet in circumference at the outer edge of the flange. It was composed of living green, spotted with tube roses.

THE AUDIENCE

was not large, owing to the inclement weather, but the house was comfortably filled, J. W. Hemphill and Dr. W. W. Burkhead, of Clarksville, acting as ushers.

BRIDAL PARTY.

At quarter past 7 o'clock, Rev. J. K. Rogers, President of Christian College at Columbia, entered the church and took a seat in the semi-circle of the decorations. As he removed a loose overcoat he exhibited a dress of black with white vest, white gloves and necktie. He is a tall man with sharp features, moustache and imperial.

He moved unasily in his chair and looked as if he was waiting for somebody to say "go ahead."

The monotony was relieved by the organ pealing forth appropriate music at which Miss Lou Bell, of Louisiana, during which time Major Gentry and wife and Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Prewitt were conducted in and shown seats nearly in front, in the body of the church.

THEY COME.

At half-past seven the bridal party made their appearance, headed by T. F. Gregg, of St. Louis, escorting Miss Anna Tregue, of Clarksville, who took position on the right of the altar. Next was J. B. Gentry, escorting Miss Laura S. Mellon, of St. Louis, filling to the left of the altar, taking positions opposite the first couple. Mr. C. W. Bullen and Miss Josie Moore, of Sedalia; Miller Bullard and Miss Mary V. Gentry, of Sedalia; C. P. Brown and Miss Allen, of St. Louis, and J. H. Bothwell and Miss Lettie Gentry, of Sedalia, taking alternate positions on either side of the altar. Then came the bride and groom with slow and measured step up the aisle, taking position immediately in front of the altar.

THE CEREMONY.

Every noise was hushed and the officiating clergyman proceeded in accordance with the usage of the Christian church, to join the two before him in marriage, and in reply to his interrogatories they both articulated "I do," firmly and earnestly.

The ceremony was very pretty and was what is known as the "ring service." He then pronounced them husband and wife. A short prayer followed, after which the clergyman referred them to the Word of God for their duty to each other, and their chief aim should be to promote each other's happiness, winding up by saying:

"What man hath joined together let not man put asunder."

While the bride-party fled out of the church, the audience remained seated and the organ furnishing a cheerful melody.

RECEPTION.

The bride party and invited guests were shown into carriages and driven over a beautiful macadamized road for three miles to the residence of the bride's parents, where the reception was given at half past eight.

The house of W. C. Prewitt is situated about one-fourth of a mile from the main road, and a large two-story frame house, densely surrounded by a grove of large oak, pine and sugar maple trees. The house is of the old style of architecture so common in the south—large rooms, high ceiling, huge grates, etc. Everything about the place denotes wealth, good taste and refinement.

MR. AND MRS. PREWITT.

Mr. Prewitt, father of the bride, is a Kentuckian. He emigrated to Missouri in 1829, when the State was almost a howling wilderness and a boundless prairie waste. He has all his life, and is still following the occupation of a farmer, yet he dabbles in speculation of all kinds where an honest penny can be turned. Although well advanced in years he continues in the active pursuits of business, without which he would be out of his natural element.

Mr. Prewitt's farm is situated near Clarksville, and is one of the finest in that section of the State.

Mrs. Prewitt, mother of the bride, looks as if she was on the summer side of fifty years, though a few silver threads course through her hair. She is of fine, matronly appearance, courteous to everybody, hospitable, and a true type of a Kentucky lady.

The BAZOO representative incidentally learned that she was married at "sweet sixteen" to Mr. Prewitt, since which time they have resided in Pike county. They have only two children, the daughter who is now Mrs. Gentry and a son—a lad of fourteen or fifteen years.

CONGRATULATIONS.

It was here Mr. and Mrs. Gentry received congratulations of their friends until near eleven o'clock. All day and away into the night telegrams from friends from Washington, New York, St. Louis Texas and many other places showered in upon them, sending regrets and congratulations.

Happy day, unpleasant night, but joy was unbounded in that household. The aged and infirm grandfather of the bride mingled tears with smiles as he told them sobbingly, "May God in his infinite mercy bless and prosper you." It was all he could say.

THE WEDDING SUPPER.

At eleven o'clock the dining room was thrown open and the guests invited to partake of the choice viands prepared for the occasion. The table was formed thus:

and about fifty to seventy-five could be accommodated at one time.

The menu comprised everything that could please the eye or tempt the palate, prepared in the most exquisite manner and arranged with artistic skill. Substantials of all descriptions were in abundance, interspersed with sauces, relishes, etc. It was a sumptuous board and regally furnished, the kingdoms of fish, flesh and fowl having been ransacked for the choicest sacrifices. These were followed by exquisitely prepared delicacies, beautifully moulded jellies, and marvels of the confectioner's and baker's art, together with the rich tropical productions of Pomona, that filled the air with their fragrance and cloyed the palate with their flavors. It was a feast for an epicure, and one which will linger long in the memories of those who partook of it.

In a room off from the main hall of the house was a large table on which were displayed the presents.

From Wm. C. Prewitt, father of bride—ten thousand dollars.

Wm. C. Prewitt, elegant diamond set.

W. T. Gentry, diamond set of pearls.

Major Wm. Gentry, elegant French gilt clock.

The groomsmen, complete silver dinner and tea service.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, handsome Morocco case, containing complete set solid silver knives, forks and spoons.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Cloney, four fine oil paintings.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Offield, silver snuffing pitcher, silver tea set and bowl.

Miss Lettie and Mary Gentry, combination silver fruit and flower stand, richly carved.

Miss Josie Moore, beautiful oil painting, executed by herself.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen, silver card receiver, gold lined.

Misses Lallen and Jennie Mellon, set Scott's pearls in leather.

Mr. Gernard R. Allen, solid silver cake stand.

Pauline Carr, solid silver butter dish.

Adam and Eve, silver crest stand.

Master Prewitt's brother, silver breakfast carrier and napkin ring.